

A Drop of Ink
Makes Millions Think

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

HAVE YOU PAID THE GATE FEE?
Fifty-two Entertainments
ADMISSION, - - \$1.25 PER YEAR!

VOL. XX.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1894.

NO. 26.

Child Birth Made Easy.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientific preparation of Liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

WILL DO ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Child Birth, and is the only one of its kind. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Child Birth, and is the only one of its kind. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Child Birth, and is the only one of its kind.

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HARTFORD, KY.

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FORDSVILLE, KY.

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And Notary Public for Ohio County.

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DENTIST,
HARTFORD, KY.

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DENTIST,
HARTFORD, KY.

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ABOUT "GREEN GOODS"

AND HOW IT IS WORKED IN AND ABOUT NEW YORK CITY.

Appo, one of the "Steerers," Makes a Full Confession and Tells How Suckers are Caught.

PEOPLE STILL BITE AT IT.

That crime subsists upon ignorance was never more fully shown than in an exposure of the "green goods" business made in New York last week. The Senate of that State is engaged in an investigation of the police of New York City, who are shown to be in collusion with "green goods" fakirs and various other criminals.

In the course of their investigations one Appo, a "green goods" "steerer," was put upon the witness stand and gave a full history of the operation of the game.

The scheme has often been published before, but there are still plenty of victims ready to be plucked.

A part of Appo's story was a description of the scheme. He said:

"First a circular is sent—a typewritten fac-simile. With it goes a fake newspaper clipping. The clipping looks like a column cut right out of a paper. It pretends that the Government has discovered an over-issue of money of each denomination of the current bills. It says that this is accounted for because the plates have been stolen from the Treasury Department in Washington, and it adds that a man who had been arrested for passing such money had to be discharged, because it was found that the bills were made from plates stolen from the Government. These clippings, of course, are printed specially, but are made up to resemble genuine newspaper clippings.

"Of every circular sent out by the writer he makes an entry in a book, and for each address he makes a number. For instance, say 'John Howard, 106, J. R.' to his telegram. If he gets an answer to that message, that fellow is a 'come-on.' The writer sends him instructions by mail what to do and what to go to. He also tells him not to write any letters, but to send all messages by telegram. The telegram is directed to the writer at whatever address he gives. The telegram office delivers it to him.

"He gives a different address from the turning-point. He takes any address he can, but the telegram operators know what those messages relate to, and they deliver them.

"The next step taken is that a passer is selected for each victim when he meets the steerer. For instance, there is 'Speedy Fortune,' or something like that. Every green goods man manufactures his own password. Some say: 'Good luck, Mr. So and So,' so that when the victim comes on he will know that he is up against the right party to do business with.

"The steerer meets the party and takes him to New York, puts him in a saloon and goes and notifies the turner that he is here. Then he takes him to the turning-point, and after he is through business the man is taken away and put on the train.

"My particular job was that of a steerer. When the steerer takes the victim to the turning-point he shows him \$5,000 or \$10,000 in \$2 or \$5 or \$10 bills, all good money. He represents this money as counterfeit. He picks it up in a box and lays the box back on a shelf. The lid of a desk is raised in order that the victim's name may be put down in a book, and when the lid comes down the good stuff is gone, and the ringer's box with nothing of value in it is there.

"After the box is changed by the turner the victim is instructed to keep quiet. The steerer is told to see him to the depot, and to see that he gets on the train and goes away all right. The victim meanwhile pays for the goods.

"The smallest business they will do is \$300. For \$300 the green goods men are supposed to give \$3,000. They do business right through on this 10 per cent. basis, and the victims are allowed \$250 of the so-called counterfeit money to pay their traveling expenses. They have got to see him, you know, so that he will not burst the box open too soon. They tell him to talk to nobody, to make no friends on the road; and they say: 'You know the nature of the

business; it means ten or fifteen years' imprisonment in this section of the country. This part of the country is flooded; you have got to be careful.' If the victim bursts the box open too soon there is trouble, but the steerer gets that. The steerer carries the box to the depot, making the excuse that it is in case of any United States detectives being around.

"The victims very seldom come back, though they may get angry and leave the train and turn up next day. In case the victim finds out the fraud before he boards the train the taller makes out that he is an officer. The taller is generally a big, strong man. He tells the victim that he is just as bad as the other men are, and that he is more liable to the law than the turner or the steerer, and that the best thing he can do is to take the train and go. Then he takes him down to the train and sends him off."

The Typical Kentuckian.

The typical Kentuckian is a gentleman, a man of strong feelings, of deep passions perhaps, but with those passions well under control. He does nothing to excess, but all the pleasures of life minister to his happiness. He does not drink to excess for he knows a man in his cups is a brute, not a fit companion for any man. He plays cards for the pleasure of the moment, not for greed. He is not boastful, for he has too much personal and State pride to care to make an impression. Kindly in all his instincts, genial, generous, cordial, hospitable, imaginative, even sentimental, he is devoted to his family, to his State, to his country. He treats all men as his equals, for he knows no superior. He cringes to no one, cheats no one, distrusts no one, and is never deceived but once. He is fond of the horse, breeds him and races him, only to develop, him, step by step, a finer, faster, nobler animal.

The race course attracts him only because of the history of the horse therein written, and repels him, because in these days of speculation it is the common center of men up to all tricks for getting money without laboring for it. Withal the typical Kentuckian is fond of the good things of life, lives in the blessed hope of immortality; is upright and honorable, according, not merely to the letter, but to the spirit of every promise which, once made, is as binding as any contract. He is with no vain show of chivalry, loyal to all women for he believes in all women; tainted neither by the lasciviousness nor by the cynicism of the age, he builds his own home in truth and faith and purity.

To-day Kentucky, producing the best whiskeys, forbids for half its territory the sale of liquor in any form. Raising more fine horses than any other State, it finds it almost impossible to maintain a race course. Gambling is denounced as a felony, and the lottery has been almost eradicated. The cause of religion and education flourishes; tolerance prevails everywhere among us; commercial standards are high, and honor has not lost its potency. This is not the type we read about, but it is much nearer nature's heart.

Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey is different from all other cough remedies. It cures by allaying the inflammation and giving tone, strength, vigor and vitality to the respiratory organs. Guaranteed by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Dr. M. J. Davis is a prominent physician of Lewis, Cass county, Iowa, and has been actively engaged in the practice of medicine at that place for the past thirty-five years. On the 20th of May, while in Des Moines, en route to Chicago, he was suddenly taken with an attack of diarrhoea. Having sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for the past seventeen years, and knowing its reliability, he procured a 35 cent bottle, two doses of which completely cured him. The excitement and change of water and diet incident to traveling often produce a diarrhoea. Every one should procure a bottle of the Remedy before leaving home. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

New Court Rules.

In pursuance of the new law, and in anticipation of the Seven-Judge Court, which begins its career next January, the Court of Appeals made the following important changes in its rules yesterday, and lawyers in every section of the State will have to take notice or their clients may suffer by their neglect.

Hereafter there will be held three terms of the Court of Appeals in each year, instead of two.

September Term—Beginning the third Monday in September and ending the third Saturday in December.

January Term—Beginning first Monday in January and ending the last Saturday in March.

April Term—Beginning second Monday in April and ending first Saturday in July.

The change of the beginning of the September Term from the first to the third Monday in September will give two (2) weeks further time for filing transcripts for the coming September term.

General Basil W. Duke's editorial in the July Southern (Louisville) on "Causes of Panics" is wholesome reading. General Duke has lately written a history of the "Bank of Kentucky," in which he discusses the sound financial policy that has characterized that institution through three-quarters of a century.

DEATH IN AWFUL FORM

ONE OF BRECKENRIDGE COUNTY'S BEST CITIZENS.

Dies in the Horrible Throes of Hydrophobia—John B. Hunter, a Farmer, the Unfortunate Victim.

HISSON WAS ALSO BITTEN.

[Breckenridge News.] One of the most horrible deaths that ever occurred in this county was that of Mr. John B. Hunter, at his home near Glendene, last Thursday evening. He died of hydrophobia, and the particulars of the awful taking off are about as follows:

Some weeks ago one of his neighbors made him a present of a small pup. He took the animal home, and on the 7th of last month it got fastened in the crack of a fence. Mr. Hunter and his little son, Owen, ten or twelve years of age, assisted it out, but in doing so the animal bit the father on the finger and the son on the hand.

Three days afterward the pup showed symptoms of the rabies and Mr. Hunter killed it. He then went to Owensboro and had a mad-stone applied to the wound on his finger, but it took no effect. He was in Cloverport the 6th inst., two weeks ago to-day, contracting for material with which to build a new house, but he did not talk much about the dog bite. Last Monday the 13th inst., he went to Hardinsburg to apply a mad-stone, but again it would not stick.

He was well posted on the symptoms of hydrophobia, and it seems that he had read up on the subject after he had received the fatal bite. He was sitting in Horace Scott's store at Hardinsburg on the evening of the 11th, after the mad-stone had been ineffectually applied to his wounded finger, when he felt a little tingling pain in the finger, and he then remarked that there was the first symptom of hydrophobia.

He went home that night, and by the time he arrived his whole arm was aching. He was thirsty and wanted a drink of water, but when he attempted to take it, an offensive shudder went over his frame and he flew back from it as if it were a poisonous reptile. He then remarked to his wife that there was another symptom of hydrophobia. He grew worse through the night, and still worse on Tuesday. His arm, shoulder, throat and chest gave him much pain. He craved water but could not bear to look at it. However, he made one desperate effort to take a drink on Tuesday, and when the cup reached his mouth he seized it with his teeth, and it had to be wrenched from him, but he swallowed no water. He then said to his wife "That settles it; I have hydrophobia and am going to die of it."

He grew still worse Tuesday night, and was getting to be a very sick man. On Wednesday morning he called his family together, read a chapter in the Bible and had family prayer, as was his custom. After this he grew rapidly worse, and about 9 o'clock he expired. His first convulsion. The continued at intervals through the day and night. His thirst was so great that he begged his attendants to try to get him some water in some manner that he could not see it, and for them not to let him hear them pouring it. They consequently filled a bottle with water and wrapped a cloth around it, completely hiding it, and conveyed it to his mouth. He took about two sallows, when he was thrown into another convulsion and could take no more of it. From this on the convulsions grew more frequent and more severe. All through Wednesday night he had his attendants to walk him about to keep him moving. He begged them to be careful while holding him when he was in the horrible convulsive throes and not to let him bite or otherwise injure any of them. He begged them to keep women and children away from him, and when a woman or child would attempt to come near him he would motion them back.

When the convulsions were on him he would scream so that he could be heard for a mile and a-half, and the neighborhood for that distance around was kept awake all through Wednesday night. He would froth at the mouth and utter unearthly howls like those of a dog. Nothing could keep him still, and a puff of wind would throw him into convulsions.

He still grew worse on Thursday, one severe convulsion rapidly following another, when about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, he sprang from off the bed with a more horrible scream than any before, and as he was laid back he expired.

He was perfectly rational up to the time of his death except when in a convulsion. Then it took five or six stout men to hold him. He realized that he was going to die and made all arrangements for the disposal and completion of his business affairs. He instructed his wife to complete the house which he contracted and move to Glendene and educate their children.

He was followed to the grave the next day by a large concourse of grief-stricken relatives and friends.

John Hunter was one of the best citizens that Breckenridge county afforded. He was indeed a most lovable man. A Christian gentleman, strictly honest, exact and fair to a fault in all his dealings with his fellow man.

He leaves a widow and two children, but through his lifelong uprightness and industry, they are fortunately not left in want. They are the possessors of a large and valuable farm, well stocked, and not a dollar of debt hanging over it. Besides, the deceased husband left a father had a policy on his life for \$1,200. He was about fifty-five years of age.

Mrs. Hunter is a sister of Dr. J. T. Owen and Mrs. F. T. Heyer, of this city.

The little boy who was bitten at the same time his father was, has, as yet, shown no signs of the terrible affliction, though it is not yet too late for him to sicken and die. However, it may never occur, which is to be hoped.

Fix Their Own Salaries. [Harpers Weekly.] One of the most remarkable features of the management of our postal system is that nearly all of the postmasters of the country fix their own salaries. They are not permitted to draw any amount that pleases them, but they make the returns to the department without supervision, on which returns their compensation is based. The postmasters who are paid in this way are the "fourth-class" postmasters—the men whose compensation is less than \$1,000 per annum. When the compensation of a postmaster reaches \$1,000 a year, his office is raised to the "third-class" class. The fourth-class postmasters are appointed by the Postmaster-General without the "advice and consent" of any one. Postmasters of the first, second and third classes are appointed by the President, confirmed by the Senate. At the beginning of this year there were 68,900 post-offices in the United States and of these 65,382 were of the fourth-class.

The Response of Miss Elvira Sydney Miller, who presides over the Tattler column of the Louisville Times, to the toast "The Woman Reporter," at the press association banquet, at Frankfort, was as follows:

"MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—During the administration of President Buchanan the daughter of a prominent Senator was married at Washington. The wedding was grand affair, attended by the President, members of the cabinet and other noted people. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. Buchanan advanced to tender his congratulations to the bride, and imprinted a resounding kiss upon her lips.

"Mr. President," remarked a member of Congress standing close by, 'it is understood that I am to follow suit.' 'No, sir,' retorted Mr. Buchanan, 'it is understood that I kiss for the nation.'

"Upon this occasion, ladies and gentlemen, it is understood—not that I represent the nation (no, not by a jugful), but that it is my happy privilege to respond to your toast on behalf of the petticoated and languid contingent of the Kentucky State Press.

"Could the old-time journalists, with the Noah's Ark brand blown in, revisit these glimpses of the moon, and see a woman speaking out here in meeting, they would probably be shocked into hysterics, but you have asked me to make an address and I am not going to place myself on record as the only woman who refused an invitation to get up and talk.

"A woman is the nightmare of a newspaper office. When it is officially announced that such a visitation is in prospect the religious editors wear horror, and takes a drink, the sporting editor tries an extra rabbit foot around his neck and hangs a horseshoe over his desk, while the managing editor chews a blue pencil savagely as he contemplates a vast horizon of bangs, kicks, tears and adjutives. The unmarried members of the force imagine she will expect them to wear dress suits and take turns courting her, and register a solemn vow to chaperone one another and keep a robust scream on tap when left alone with her. But she comes, and after they find that, like the devil, she is not half so black as their fancy painted her.

"The advent of women in journalism is shrouded in mystery. Perhaps the first petticoated reporter bulldozed her way into the office. Perhaps she was smuggled in, even as the dark horse was rung in on the unsuspecting Trojan, or perhaps she came in hand-in-hand with that parent provoker of modern times, the society column. But, be it as it may, the woman reporter has come, has come to stay, and here she is.

"People often ask the question, 'To what do you attribute a woman's success in journalism?' 'A tall, lank girl with a Queen Anne figure and Mary Ann face, once told me in a burst of misplaced confidence that she got there with both feet. Although I am not disposed to depreciate the value of leg talent in journalism, yet in the case of this particular girl, I regarded the assertion as a base libel on the entire journalistic layout. So far as I can see in my limited experience of two and a half years, a woman succeeds even as a man succeeds, by hard work and brains, and when she can prove to her chief that she is able to sit down and write a plain news item without stopping to ask if her hat is on straight, there is every prospect for her ultimate success.

"It has been my fate to find that in journalism a woman is treated with the most delicate and beautiful courtesy and consideration. Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his cloak before Queen Elizabeth in order that her dainty feet might be protected from the mire of London town. In a newspaper office of to-day, the modern Sir Walter Raleigh casts the purple and fine gold of their nature before the woman reporter in order that the rough way may be made smooth for her to tread.

"There are some people so intensely, immensely, and densely conventional, that they would never have placed their jewels in sack to help Columbus discover America. These people profess to be shocked if the woman reporter is not forever intruding her column as it is to the public, 'I am a woman, I am writing this article, and don't you forget it.' This is all nonsense. A woman should leave her personality at home hanging on a peg in her wardrobe. She should only remember that she is engaged to make her paper a go, and that as the public is putting up the gate, money she must shock, feed or amuse it.

"People who judge a woman reporter by her writing might take warning by this little anecdote: 'Mattie Ould, a famous Virginia belle, was at White Sulphur Springs. She was escorted to her cottage one evening by a famous Southern politician, who attempted to hug and kiss her en route.

"'Sit,' exclaimed the indignant beauty, as she repulsed him, 'I wish

THE WOMAN REPORTER

MISS ELVIRA SYDNOR MILLER AT THE LATE PRESS BANQUET.

The Sensation in the Newspaper Office When the Woman Reporter First Makes Her Appearance.

WOMEN AND JOURNALISM.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

you distinctly to understand that though I am frisky I am not fast. 'A few weeks later the politician attended the races, and among the horses entered was one named Mattie Ould. He instantly bet all his money on her, only to find that she came in way behind the others, yet frisking and scampering as if she had been the winner. 'I might have known it,' said he to himself, 'for Mattie herself told me she was frisky, but not fast.' 'And so it is with a woman reporter, and please make a note of it, that though her writings be frisky, she is not fast.

"And now here's looking at her. Here is health, wealth, and happiness to the woman reporter. She's a pet edition; may she never go out of print. May no traitor subscriber ever call at the office with a shotgun in double lead, and when the right sort of sweet heart comes along may she like her paper—ready for the press."

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist, and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion, try Electric Bitters—entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50c and \$1.00 per bottle at the drug stores of Williams & Bell, Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

The Champion Coal Diggers.

The Monarch Coal Company, of Madisonville, has the two champion coal diggers of the United States, and so far as we know, of the world. They are a couple of colored men whose efforts in getting out the black diamonds have never been surpassed. They are champions for whom we have more respect than we do for all the Sullivan and Corbells that ever disgraced the world by their false encounters.

Martin Minter was born at Elizabethtown, Ky., in 1860 and is therefore 34 years old. In 1878 he commenced to mine coal at the Hecla mines in Hopkins county, where he remained until two or three years ago, when he began work with the Monarch Coal Co., at this place, where he has been ever since. For the six days beginning May 28th and ending June 2d, 1894, Martin mined by his own efforts 1,602 bushels of coal. He is a splendid specimen of manhood, is sober and has the entire confidence of his employers.

West Cooper was born at Hopkinsville, Ky., in 1860, and has been digging coal seventeen years. He began operations in Henderson county, afterward working for the Hecla Coal Co. He has been with the Monarch Coal Co., of Madisonville, for the past two or three years. For the six days from May 28th to June 2d, 1894, he mined 1,617 bushels of coal, falling only 45 bushels behind the record of Martin Minter. He also has the confidence of his employers.

These two men are both intelligent, industrious and law-abiding citizens. The coal mined by them was by the pick method and not by machinery.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chubblains, Corns, and Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Williams & Bell, Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

Will They Also Manufacture Calves?

A Cincinnati chemist has made a discovery that promises to revolutionize the dairy business. It is a combination of water, solids, and fat that is equal to the finest milk. It is in reality chemically pure milk and is, of course, free from all taint of disease that cow milk has. The chemist will raise a cream, will sour, turn to curd and water, and butter, and cheese can be made from it. The cost is more than \$1 a gallon, but the chemist believes with more experiments he can reduce the price to 10 cents or fifteen cents a gallon, and by making it in wholesale quantities can retail it at the usual six cents a quart.



WE ON OUR DEALERS can sell you machines cheaper than you can get elsewhere. The NEW HOME is our best, but we also have other kinds, such as the CLIMAX, IDEAL, and other High Arm Full Nickel Plated Sewing Machines for \$15.00 and up. Call on our agent or write us. We want your trade, and if prices, terms and quality of goods will suit you, we will have it. We challenge the world to produce a BETTER \$50.00 Sewing Machine for \$50.00, or a better \$25.00 Sewing Machine for \$25.00 than you can buy from us, or our Agents.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL. NEW YORK, N.Y. PHILADELPHIA, PA. ST. LOUIS, MO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA. FOR SALE BY

CASH. We pay cash or trade for Gold and Silver. Send it by registered mail and we will tell you what we can allow for it. We do not buy plated articles at any price. Our Illustrated Catalogue of SOLID SILVER NOVELTIES sent to any address.

5 DOLLARS TO PER DAY 20 Easily Made.

We want many men, women, boys, and girls to work for us a few hours daily, right in and around their own homes. The business is easy, pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered agents. You have a clear field and no competition. Experience and special ability unnecessary. No capital required. We equip you with everything that you need, train you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Women do as well as men, and boys and girls make good pay. Any one, anywhere, can do